

The Church Militant, or the Whigs Triumphant, being the Ch—— of En——'s Lamentation for the Contempt of Her Memorial.

England - Child of England [E. Appx]

An Iambick Poem.

Since the Sons of the Church
Are all left in the lurch,
'Twould be Folly in me to stay after,
S—— and B——
May go preach in the Porch,
For their Sermons are turn'd into Laughter.

There's Daniel the Prophet,
Who knows nothing of it,
Sets up for the Gospel's Defender,
Tho oft he does scoff it,
And Har scorns to do off, yet
He says to the Church, He will Mend her.

Oh sad Lamentation
To this Church and Nation,
That must be Reform'd Independent
And hazard Salvation,
Because Moderation
Is to other Graces transcendant.

'Tis in Vain to compare
Church of England Mens Care
With that Zeal of the Puritan Diet,
For we're R——es that we are,
Let's Complain if we dare,
Since we ought to be best and be quiet.

Memorials God knows
Are giving of Blows
The State scorns to take at our Hands,
But as the thing goes,
Say your Nobs and your Fies,
You are all like to lose your Church Lands.

For since they've found out,
We were a little devout

To own Kings and Queens your Devote.

They'll make us Talk about,

Or else keep us all out,

Till we Worship the Ready King.

For in good Times of Yore,

When the Church was kept poor,

By that Moderate Saint the Protector.

They turn'd out of Door

Every Soul that durst roar,

Like S——, they call the Herd,

But alas for us all!

When such Champions fall,

'Tis a sign our Cause is neglected.

If the Church cannot call,

For a Memorial,

And have their own Authors protected.

'Tis a dismal sad Case,

I may say as e'er was,

That the Church can't demand her own Laws.

But she has not a Pace

Like the Whigs made of Brass,

That sink too much of the Good Old Cause.

We should all think it hard

If we were debar'd

The Blessings from Parents expected,

But it seldom was heard

Before this, declar'd,

The D—— her M—— neglected.

The C—— is her own

And so is the C——n,

Both call'd by the Laws her Possession,

But she has but one

Let's *Tinking* go down,
To bring in a Bill the next Session.

X I I.

That *Occasional-Bill*
Was a bitter strong Pill
To purge the foul *Spleen* of the Party,
And it would be so still
If somebody will

But be, as they ought to be, *Hearty*.

X I I I.

I know some will say,
This is not the way
To reform *Occasional Sinners*,
If this Game you play,
You must for it pay,
Dissenters at last will be Winners.

X I V.

I cannot Divine
No more than I Coin,
Or can add to the Nation's Treasure,
But if there's no Design
The Church to undermine,
What gives all its Feet such great Pleasure.

X I V I.

How come they to advance
Like our Army towards *France*,
But they think they have forc'd the Church Lines
Which may make 'em yet prance,
And teach 'em a Dance,
If e'er she be forc'd to spring her Mines.

X V I.

What can be th' Intent
Of so much Cash Lent,
Not barely to rool in th' *Exchequer*,
But that the Parliament
Might be as some meant,
And do their Buils neils the quicker.

X V I I.

Why must *B---m---y* and *M---rs*,
With a great many *P---rs*,
Be made the whole Nation's Derision,
Where to think that our Fears
Rather comes from *S---rs*,
'Tis held a sort of Misprision.

X V I I I.

What harm was e'er done
By a Church-Man alone
To the Prejudice of the Nation,
That each stumbling Stone
Is call'd *P---ck---n*,
To mob Patriots Names out of Fashion.

X I X.

I wish we could know
How *Monsieur Jackson*
Could lose his Country Election,
But that's too late now,
'Tis enough that we know
He lost it by a *Smoking Faction*.

X X.

There's *Patience* the *Teacher*
A faithful *Talk-Teacher*.

I'll warrant was ne'er known to sneak yet,
The Church he can't reach her
Else he would soon teach her
A Lesson of his I dare speak it.

X X I.

There are *P---d* and *Sb---rs*,
With some hundreds more,
Who get Wealth a pace in their Station,
Tho' they baulk the Poor
Pay on some other Score,
The Penals to maintain *Moderation*.

X X I I.

That Virtue won't live
Unless you *give* give
To the *Hofe-Lerbes* that profess'd it,
For whom they deceive,
They make first believe
Their sanctified Prayers must bless it.

X X I I I.

The *High-Church* is so bad,
Few are of it, but are mad,
Say the *Politick Smith* of *Diana*,
But we are all glad
For there's a *Pelf* to be had,
And we know what they're worth to a grain a.

X X I V.

They may be mistaken,
Who without their *Hof* reckon,
As I have known some to their Sorrow,
Who lose, and yet stake on
To regain their *Bacon*,
Till they have nought left on the Morrow.

X X V.

The Church is undone
As sure as a Gun,
If she trusts to the *Whig Moderation*,
For there is not one
True under the Sun
From one end to t'other of the Nation.

X X V I.

Henceforth let her stand
On the Laws of the Land,
Without any Prevarication,
Nor trust a Whig's hand,
Or a *T---rs* Wand,
To train her self to the *C---t* fashion.

X X V I I.

Her Bulwark's the Laws,
And Religion's the Cause,
For which the *Ch---ch* shows her Resentments,
Tho' the silly *Jack-Daws*,
Have busied their Claws,
To destroy her happy Contentment.

X X V I I I.

And the *Rook* by his Name
Has born all the blame,

Tho'



The' they never could prove him guilty.

For he has won a Name
From *Lies* to *Lies*

And sav'd you more Blood than some split *Tra*.

X X X I X

But now he's laid by

As a *Vile Enemy*

To the Church and the State he defended.

And the *Fanatics* cry

Now for *Victory*

But we soon shall see how we're mended.

X X X

Alas we're weak *Fools*!

To think that the *Tools*

To a Party can e'er be sincere.

Let us go to the *Schools*

And learn from their *Rules*

They are not such *Caxtons* as were *are*.

X X X I

Therefore 'tis too late

To flatter the *State*

And hazard the Church's undoing.

The' the *Wigs* are grown great

We can balance their *Weight*

And preserve yet the Nation's *Ruin*.

X X X I I

Times are not so bad

As those we once had

When the Church was its Country's *Support*.

But still it is sad

To see Men so mad

As to put their whole Trust in the *C*.

X X X I I I

Who pleaded our Cause

When Religion and Laws

Were tost in the Storm both together.

And the cunning *Laws*

From picking of *Straws*

Flew into the Church from the *Weather*.

X X X I V

How can we forget

Their passionate *Heard*

To bring in the Pope and the Devil.

That at any rate

They might be made *great*

And so become *Moderate* and *Civil*.

X X X V

Like the *Fox* they would cap

Turn up the Eyes like a *Saint*

And pray to get into the *Porth*.

Then nothing more want

But *Huff*, *Hiffer*, and *Rant*

And quickly break into the *Church*.

X X X V I

This is what they once did

When their Monarch they rid

And turn'd all the State to a *Rabble*.

God Almighty forbid

It should be e'er said

Paul's Church is again made a *Stable*.

We live up in *Vain*

To the old *Good* *Strain*

If whining can buy our *Repentance*

We should begin again

To know what they mean

And save our *Damnation* *Sentence*.

X X X V I I I

If Religion lies

In the Whites of the *Eyes*

As some have pretended to make it

Then he that pretends

And when he prays cries

Is most a *Saint* I'll undertake it

X X X I X

But the the *Bush* is clear

We have nothing to fear

From these Men of Religion some say

But I with 'twould appear

By more things than the *Ear*

That their *Sandity* is not fled away

X I

The *Pride* of the *Flesh*

Is a charming *Deaf*

And *Pow'r* such a *Musical Rattle*

The *Godly* confess

They can't love it less

But are for it ready for *Battel*

X L I

They love *Moderation*

As 'tis a *Court Fashion*

And will bring them to Honour and *Grace*

But in any *Station*

Would damn the whole *Nation*

So that 'twould but gain them a *Place*.

X I I I

Yet these are the Men

Who Religion maintain

If we would but heartily believe them

They hate thoughts of *Gain*

That were practis'd last *Reign*

So that no body now can deceive them

X L I I I

High Church may pretend

Their Errors to mend

But they scorn to submit to her *Teaching*

They have another *End*

To which their *Designs* tend

And they Care not a fig for her *Preaching*.

X L I V

What is't that they want

Since they Pray and they Cant

As may be, by their *Parjors* shown?

They've B---- that's a *Saint*

Besides M---- if they want

And a M---- of their own.

X L V

Tho' the Laws of the *Land*

By his *Grace* they withstand

What's

Tho'

What's that in a Protestant Nation?
 Where we ought to stand
 To break every yoke
 That we may sit up
 'Tis a shame to swear,
 And swear to swear
 But Church Councillors to catch little Flies,
 Who would be caught
 Not any that dare
 Banter Heaven with
 What a Road is in the Nation
 'Bout Bishops and Rites
 When Conscience is left but a Bubble,
 Surest of all they're made of
 Or else we make them Tools
 About Learning to give 'em their trouble.
 What a Power we make,
 While honest Men
 Works with Might and with Main to persuade us
 The Church is at Stake,
 'Tis time Care to take
 For Jack Presbyter will invade us.
 Why these are the Times,
 When in Prose and Rhimes,
 The High-Church and Low-Church encounter.
 But they would be worse Times
 If for such base Crimes,
 The Patriarch should mount his
 But we labour in vain
 If we go to complain,
 Unless we resolve to submit Sir.
 This is a Female Reign,
 And will not maintain
 Disputing High-Flyers and Sirs.
 Fort it would be a shame
 For a Christian to name
 That the Church should be forc'd to Dispute
 And the State is to blame
 Not to trumpet her Fame
 And suppress other Cavilling Brutes.
 How else should Men know
 Which way they should go
 Unless some be set to direct them.
 But find me out who
 That will the way show
 If the Church have no Laws to protect them

To Cause let us see
 And relinquish the Field,
 Since we have learn'd in the Church,
 But we are repeat'd,
 Our Doom sign'd and seal'd
 To the Nation's Astonishing and Wonder.
 How oft should we come about,
 The Church should be out,
 And the Whigs triumphant above them:
 It remains still a Doubt,
 When not any without
 Their God Mammon ever did love them.
 But it mayn't be too late
 To consider our Fate,
 If Church Men would be true to the Church
 Tho' they think themselves great,
 We are Militant, yet
 Let's not have one another's Church,
 We have B. N. and R.
 For the Pulpit and Bar,
 Will match the great Whigs in the Nation
 With an honest Tar,
 That will venture as far
 As the best in the highest Station.
 Why then should we fear
 The Fox or the Bear
 That lie in their dens for to catch us
 Tho' naked as we are,
 We are bold and dare
 Them on a clear Stage to match us.
 In secret they lie
 Our Actions to spy
 And strike us like Darts to the Heart,
 That makes us to fly
 Of Whig-Villany,
 And fence against every Dart.
 But we find to our Cost
 Our Pen are all too weak
 The more we contend we grow weaker
 We once rul'd the Road,
 And then we could boast
 Of some hundreds, beside a Spoken

